

Cross My Heart by PlusSizeReader

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Billy wants to have dinner with the reader's parents.

Cross My Heart

Your mother and father had been badgering you about meeting Billy for so long but never did you think that it would actually happen. There were just too many things involved with something like that, and you weren't ready for it.

Billy could be a lot, and he had quite the reputation. There was no way for you to know how much your parents knew about him or how he would act.

It would all depend on how he chose to act and you just couldn't chance it. If your parents didn't like him, you wouldn't know what to do. You loved Billy but your parents opinion was important to you too.

There was just too much at stake, you couldn't allow it.

Or, shouldn't have.

It was easy to ignore it when it was just your mother, constantly asking when she would get to meet the man you spent so much time with with. Occasionally, your father would make some comment about what kind of man refused to met a girls family.

Other than that, no one pushed for the interaction to happen.

You certainly weren't going to argue because you could think of nothing worse than a meeting between your two worlds.

Until Billy brought it up...out of nowhere.

"How come I've never met them?" he wondered, his fingers drumming along the steering wheel of the Camaro. You weren't sure what he was referring to at first, out of the blue but you had this sneaking suspicion that you didn't really want to know.

Carefully, you turned in the leather seat so that you could fully face the man you loved so much. He had sunglasses on but you could faintly see the outline of his gorgeous blue eyes. He was so striking, damn his good genes.

“Who?” you hummed, honestly doubting that you wanted to know the answer.

You had no real reason to be dreading it, aside from the fact that if you knew anything about Billy, it was that he was very spontaneous.

He could be faced with the same problem every day and not care a bit, but as soon as he decided to fix it, there was no changing his mind. He was almost obsessive until he got what he wanted...maybe that was how he ended up getting you in the first place.

“Your parents shorty, who’d you think” he sassed, earning an eye roll from you. Normally you would have had something snarky to say but the first part of his sentence was the problem, the thing you were stuck on.

Why did Billy want to meet your parents? After all this time, he’d never mentioned it but out of nowhere, he was just wondering why. There was no good reason to mess up a good thing and you couldn’t understand why no one else seemed to know that.

There were too many things that could go wrong.

Too many things that you couldn’t control and you weren’t comfortable with that. Not at all.

“It’s a bad idea babe, like...a really bad idea” you huffed, reaching up to play with a strand of your hair. It was a nervous tick but you couldn’t help it. There were just certain things in this world that drove you crazy, and your parents were 98% of those.

Billy only scoffed at that.

He had never been one to meet the parents in the first place but for some reason, he wanted to meet yours. You were his girlfriend, the most important person in his world and he wanted to know where you came from.

He wanted to be a normal, supportive boyfriend for once in his life and this seemed to be the first step.

“I want to get to know them, so set it up with them and I’ll show up.

I'll even be on my best behavior" he promised, crossing his heart teasingly with his fingers.

He was so aggravating sometimes but you had to admit, it would be nice if your parents would stop bothering you about it.

You couldn't believe you were doing it but after an exasperated sigh, you nodded. "Fine, but best behavior?" you reminded, making sure that he understood just how important it was that he was careful.

The worst thing that could happen would be that they decided he wasn't good enough and force you to leave him and you were practically an adult, they couldn't tell you to do that. In a way, there wasn't really a downside.

At the very least, it would make your entire family shut up and that was all you could ask for.

"The very best princess, cross my heart" he grinned, leaning over to give you a kiss on the forehead before turning his attention back to the road.

This was either going to be the best or worst decision you ever made.

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Your mother had been ecstatic when she found out that Billy was finally coming to join you all for dinner and made sure that every single thing was perfect.

The kitchen was spotless and the roast she had made smell was wafting from the oven, but no amount of comfort food was going to make you feel better.

You were vibrating with anxiety.

In reality, you understood that there was nothing too terrible that could happen but that didn't help. You were full of stress waiting for Billy to arrive, what if he decided against it? That wouldn't look good to your parents.

Luckily, before your anxiety could rip you apart, there was a knock

on the front door.

Without missing a beat, you scrambled up from the couch and rushed to greet him before your mother could reach it. The last thing you needed was for her to intercept you, telling Billy just how much she'd been waiting for his arrival.

She'd play with the hem of his jacket as he hugged her and probably make some absurd observation about his muscle tone.

It would be no better if your father got there before you. He would undoubtedly comment about Billy's mullet or the things he'd heard about him from his friend's at work.

You just couldn't let that happen.

"Hey Billy, I was worried you wouldn't come" you breathed, reaching up to wrap your arms around his neck to pull him into a hug. It was such a relief that he'd decided that he wanted to join you for this... after all, this whole evening had been his idea.

The man laughed at that, his laughter bathing your ears like the finest music. "You really think I'd pass this up" he hummed, teasing you.

If this evening turned out to be a mess, you hoped that he would still love you.

"Just remember that this was your idea" you suggested, grabbing his hand in your own to lead him through the hallway into the kitchen.

As soon as you turned the corner, your mother was smothering Billy, looking him over and gushing about how handsome he was. It was almost hard for you to watch, knowing how much he must have hated the contact.

But to your surprise, the man didn't seem surprised at all by what was happening. He was just rolling with it, smiling at her and making small talk.

It was almost hard to watch, in an amusing sort of way. Your bad ass boyfriend, smiling and laughing with your harebrained mother. You

couldn't tear your eyes away.

"Oh darling, why didn't you tell me Billy was such a delight?" she wondered, finally turning away from him to turn her attention back to the food as she addressed you now.

You only smiled, shrugging lightly. You hadn't told her because you didn't know.

Whoever this man was, he wasn't your passionate, aggressive Billy.

"Yeah baby, why didn't you tell her?" he teased, giving you a wink once he was sure she wasn't looking. You tutted at him under your breath, urging him to keep his promise about being well-behaved.

You knew he couldn't do it.

Billy had a big mouth and knew just how to use it, even when it came to manipulating your parents into believing that he was an angel.

"Not so fast, I haven't met the boy yet" your father called, his voice gruff in his throat. As soon as the words left his lips, you tensed.

You didn't want him to dislike Billy, but your father could be a tough nut to crack...no matter how charming your boyfriend was.

"Come on daddy, be nice" you urged, wanting nothing more than your father's approval. You loved Billy, you'd always loved Billy but it would be hard to continue your relationship, knowing that your father disliked him.

Luckily for you, he seemed to be in a good mood this evening.

"Always pumpkin" he promised, moving past you after placing a kiss on your forehead to stand in front of Billy. He was trying to be intimidating but with all the practice Billy had against Neil, he wasn't doing a very good job.

Instead of cowering, he smiled.

"It's nice to meet you sir, Billy...Billy Hargrove" he introduced, reaching out to take your father's hand in his own. He gave it a

shake, matching the strength presented by the older man.

Your father looked down at him for a moment, not wavering a bit before turning away completely.

He seemed satisfied and said nothing more.

That was a good sign, your dad liked him and maybe now your nerves could finally calm.